The Bystander, July 4, 1917.—No. 709 Vol. LV.

The BYSTANDER

LIEUT.-COLONEL ROBERT CARTER, I.M.S.

The "meddlesome and interfering faddist," who, by his firm determination to oppose and defeat the active intolerance of all criticism of defects or suggestions for reform shown by his superiors, saved the lives of thousands of our soldiers in the Mesopotamia expedition. When richly-deserved punishment is meted out to the chief offenders, we trust it is not too much to hope that this brave defier of red-tape and incompetence may receive the reward he so richly merits

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

'Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah!

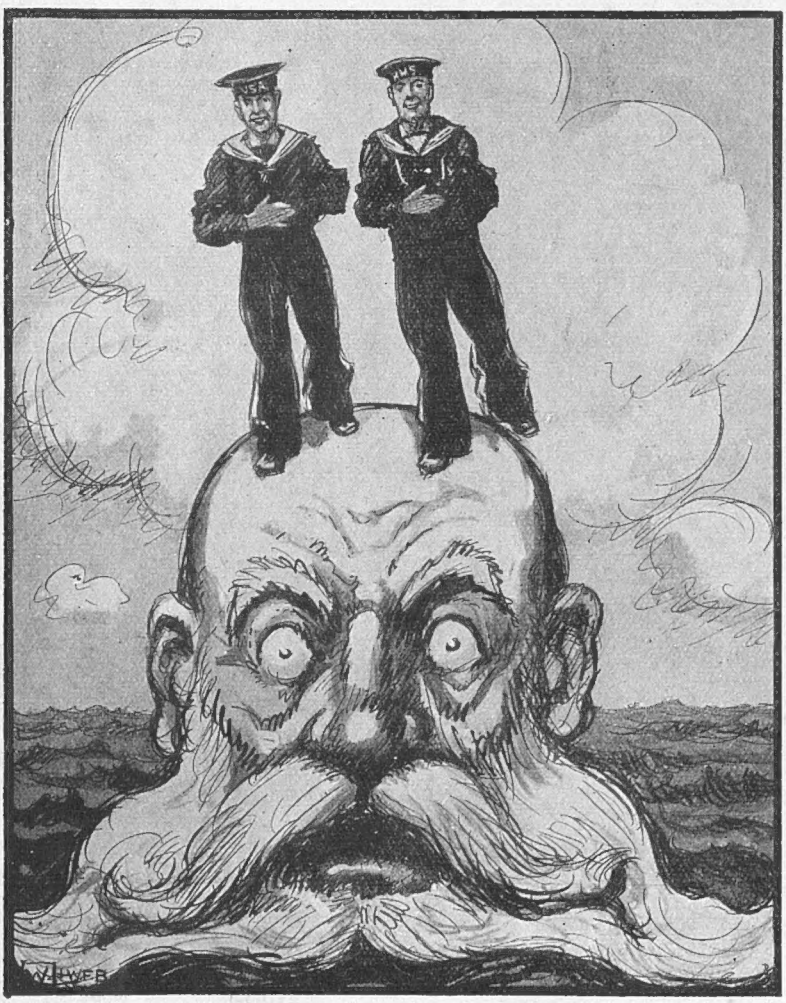
To-day is Independence Day. To ask why we—or some of us—are "celebrating" it would, no doubt, elicit in reply some fine examples of confused thinking. Jones, wearing a profusion of small Stars and Stripes, would say—to celebrate the entry of our Cousins into the war as our Allies. Robinson, flagless and cynical, would remark that it was doubtless to suggest that our diplomacy in 1917 was rather better than it was in 1773. The Jones party are, naturally, in the majority, since the majority rather prefers not to be bound by any silly logic, and not infrequently reaches a right conclusion by processes which would have made J. S. Mill look even more startled than his statue in the Embankment Gardens represents him as being.

The Prodigal Father

In any case, we are quite glad to have the States fighting on the same side as ourselves; but there is no need to slop over about it, and America doesn't want us to do so. Nor to think that the war is as good as over because in a couple of years' time America will have an army of, perhaps, 3,000,000 men, and is spending a colossal sum on aeroplanes. Nor is there the slightest necessity for putting on the all-is-forgotten-and-forgiven air of the stage heavy father welcoming home the prodigal son—who has made his pile! America isn't here to fight for *us*. She is out to destroy Hohenzollernism, and all that that implies, and as that is also one of the things we are fighting for, we are very pleased to have her undoubtedly powerful active assistance as well as her moral support.

Dependence Week

And while we are celebrating Independence Day, don't let us forget that this is the week for those who are very far from being independent—for the babies, the most dependent of all young animals. This is not going to be only a week of exhibitions and baby-shows, but the beginning (let us hope) of starting to build on the foundations which many who have been dubbed faddists for their pains have been laying for years past. But don't let us forget that to make the State stand *in loco parentis* to the children of its citizens is to take a false view. To make the children's homes healthy and decent, and to educate the parents to a realisation of their responsibility for the children they bring into the world is the true duty of the State.



TWO JACKS FOR A KNAVE

Now that Sam has joined Jack, old man Tirpitz should not be long before he gets "One for his Nob"

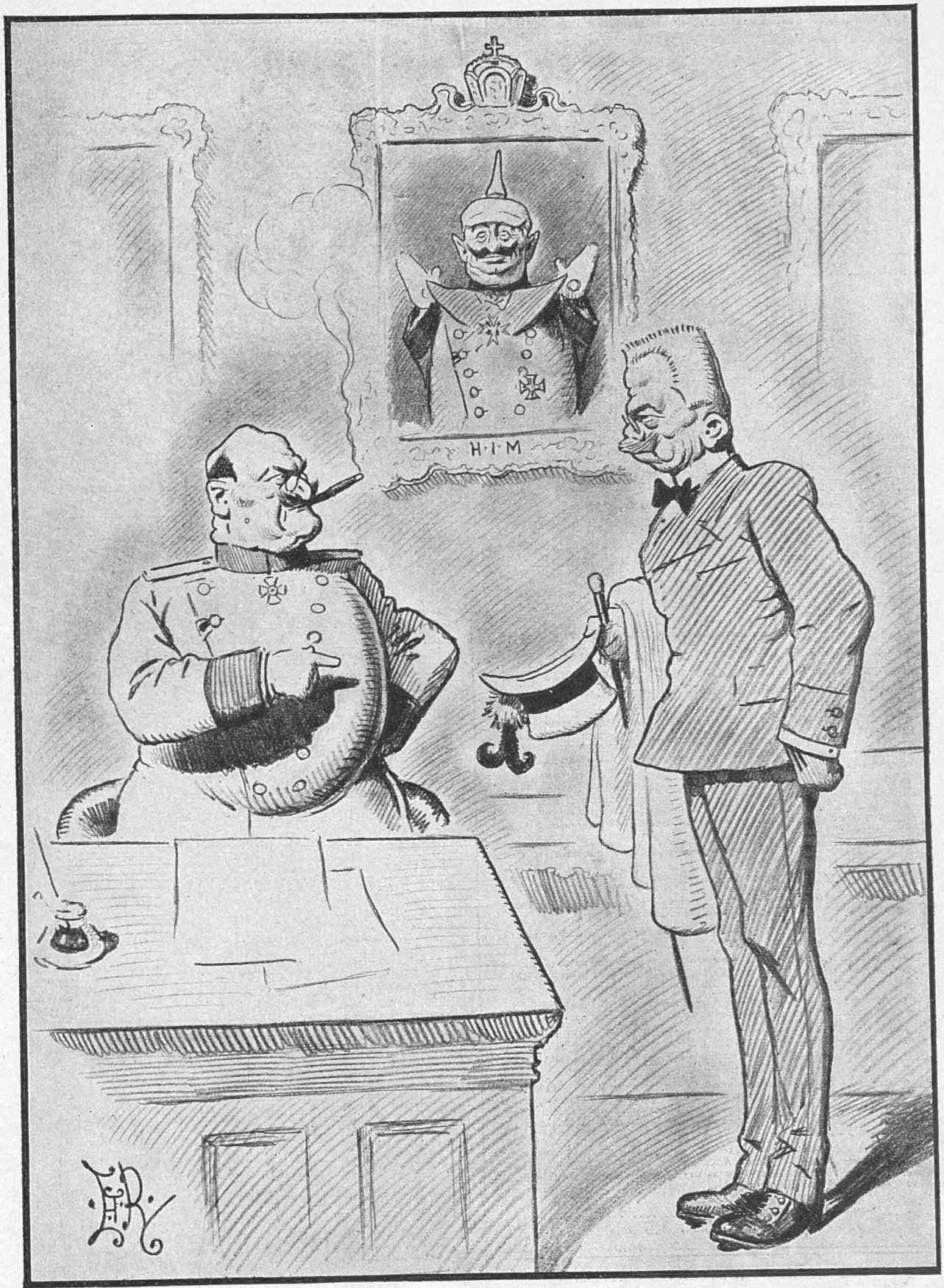
The Rivals

There seem to be the makings of quite a pretty little quarrel between the National War Savings Committee and the National Welfare and Economy Exhibition. The last-named organisation has opened an exhibition at the County Hall to show everybody how to fare well without saying good-bye to all that makes life worth living, and how to economise without missing it, so to speak—how, in fact, to save money which would then, presumably, be devoted to the objects of the National War Savings Committee. But is the N.W.S.C. pleased about this? Not a bit of it! Though the N.W.S.C. has done an enormous amount of excellent work, it has all the traditional "departmental" jealousy of anybody else in a similar line of business; and, being unable to find any real cause of offence, it

(Continued on page 11)

The Compleat Diplomat

(GERMAN STYLE, 1917)



FOREIGN OFFICE CHIEF (Wilhelmstrasse): "Vell, Kapitan, I tink you haf now efferyting for your diplomatic mission? You haf ze cholera-germ-caramels, ze prussic-acid-feeting-pottles, ze explosif Bibles, ze cobra-venom-ejecting-rocking-horses for ze leetle neutrals, ze tri-nitro-toluol-tooth-brushes. You haf them all?"

DIPLOMATIST: "Ja, Excellenz; all in my official despatch-boxes."

F. O. C.: "Zen, goot-pye, und a goot success!"

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. 2.30 and 8 p.m.
ARTHUR BOURCHIER, ELLALINE TERRISS, "THE FRINGES OF THE FLEET," Songs by RUDYARD KIPLING, Music by SIR EDWARD ELGAR, who will conduct; GRESHAM SINGERS, ZOMAH, MORRITT, and Varieties.
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BY

Captain Bruce Bairnsfather

Published in "The Bystander"

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

upbraids the N.W. and E. Exhibition because the Exhibition has, with the laudable desire of attracting public attention, arranged for music and entertainments for its patrons while they are discovering how delicious dainties may be constructed out of sawdust and steel filings. Really, this is very petty of the National War Savings Committee; but I suppose they think the only music worth listening to is the soft susurrus of the stream of Treasury notes pouring into the Exchequer—now that nobody has two sovereigns left to jingle together.

Mess-Pot

The revelations made in the Report of the Special Commission appointed to inquire into the conduct of the Mesopotamian campaign, sad though they were, surprised but few. What did surprise most people was the severe and undisguised censure administered by the Commissioners to those in high places, from the Viceroy and the Commander-in-Chief in India down to the War Committee of the Cabinet. This is not at all the sort of thing that those in the foremost positions in the State have been accustomed to; and it is a direct result of the change of feeling brought about by the war. Commissions in the past have been principally run, in accordance with English tradition, by the Worshipful Company of Whitewashers—on no account must the feelings of anybody (or, at least, of anybody important) be hurt. That they might be blamed—actually *blamed!*—because they were incompetent and pigheaded never entered the minds of men in the great Offices of State. Well, now they know!

OUR SAILOR PRINCE

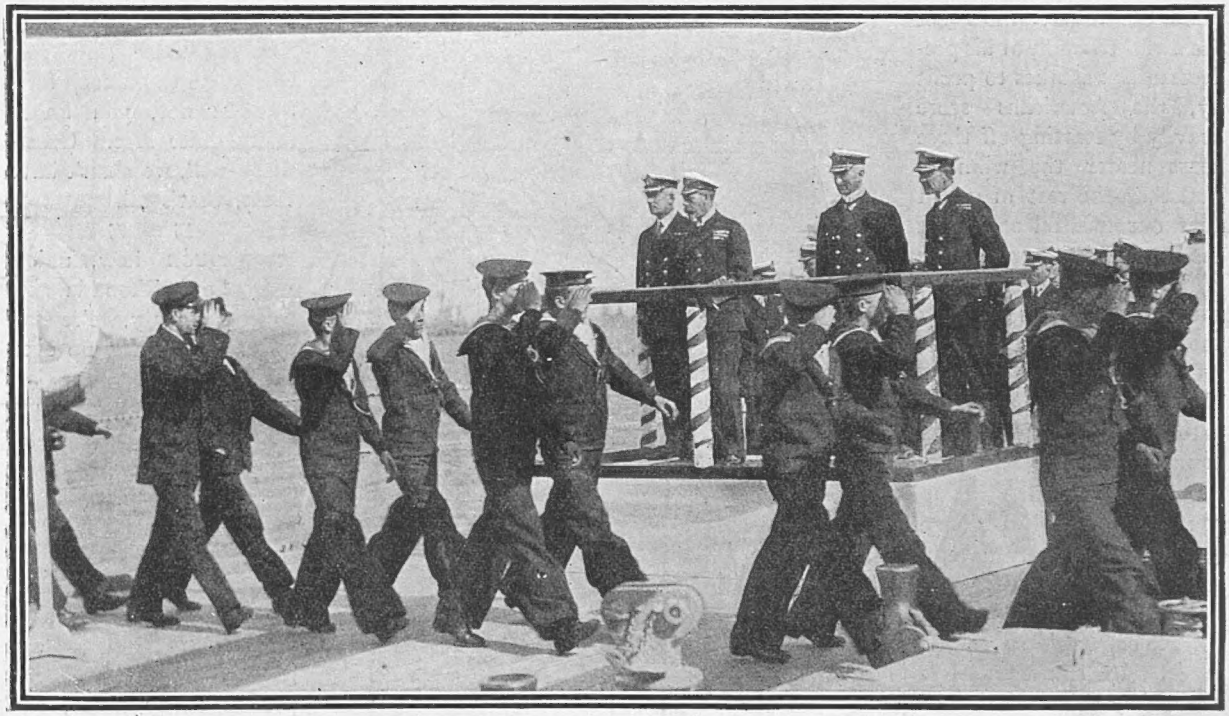
H.R.H. Prince Albert walking with Lord Cromer on the deck of a battleship during the King's visit to the Grand Fleet

The Public Memory

But, when the war's all over, I suppose we shall read some morning at breakfast, in a heavy leader, "The appointment of Sir Somebody So-and-So to the important post of This-that-or-the-Other will be universally approved. It has long since been recognised, except by the malevolent Yellow" (or "Cocoa," as the case may be) "Press that the strictures passed upon this splendid servant of the State at the time of the Mesopotamia Commission were wholly unjustified. We, with our clearer view, have always," etc., etc. So it always has been, and so it will probably be again. Speaking evil of dignities has seemed almost impious to the English mind—public castigation of them never even entered our thoughts before the war. Will the national point of view really change in these matters? After the Boer War Kipling wrote:

We've had a jolly good lesson! . .

And *how* well we learnt it, didn't we?



THE GRAND FLEET WELCOMES THE KING

On one of the biggest of our battleships, the bluejackets are seen marching past the King, who is attended by a distinguished Naval Staff

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *July 2*, 1917.

DEAR COUSIN—

WAR'S a great miracle-worker, though not so great, perhaps, as some people think. It hasn't turned the saints into sinners or the sinners into saints, for instance, for all that the sentimentalists say about it; but between nations it has achieved some rather wonderful *rapprochements*.

"Baby Week"

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WHO, for instance, would ever have dreamt that we'd be American Flag Daying this week—actually helping to celebrate that Independence Day which we insular Britishers had hardly ever heard of before even, and had only the vaguest sort of ideas about, such as that it was something to do with turkeys and cranberry sauce, receptions at the American Embassy, and the stars and stripes hanging from the palaces of the rich Americans who've deserted God's own country for this one. Come to think of it, what the day *really* celebrates, I believe, is the United States' "throwing off the British yoke"; but now that we're Allies of course we never mention that.

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AND in England now, in the way of sudden changes and extraordinary happenings there is nothing, of course, that can startle us these war days, not even all the old carriages coming out again now there's no more petrol. In fact, by America we expect to be startled, anyway. What's youth for but to *épater* the old, and, after all, America's had a nice long time to prepare her stunts in, hasn't she? Like Lord Rhondda, the new Food Controller, who's got the awful example of his predecessor's mistakes to profit by, the Americans score heavily by starting off three years nearer the winning-post than the rest of us. I hear our medical service at the front is already nervously undergoing the criticism of their eagle eye, and, as one's been saying in Boulogne, "Guess we'll have an aeroplane for every hundred yards of front inside of six months."

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IN America itself I believe they're positively grateful to us for giving them something to spend their money on, the country's so rolling in it. In six days last week they collected sixteen millions sterling for the Red Cross with barely an effort. To invest in War Loans is the fashion, and pictures of society ladies dressed in an expensive variety of the Red Cross uniform have already got as far as England. The war's so much the rage, in fact, that Lord Northcliffe, successor to Mr. Balfour, is urging caution from Washington—for "the war is but beginning, and every cent and every pair of hands will be needed."

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THIS, by the way, is Baby Week—in other words, along with other world-shaking discoveries, it's at last been borne in upon us that, as national assets, good babies are very important and bad babies very disastrous. And here, again, is a war-miracle. Imagine if you can, the Victorians discussing *en plein air* how, when, and why to keep up the race, and all that sort of thing! True, they did it—I mean, they *had* the babies; but there, they considered, your duty to the State ended. The *sort* of babies they produced in such profusion didn't matter, and as for the State interesting itself in infant welfare—absurd!

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AS someone's said, to be a baby in England is more dangerous, far, than to be a *poilu* in France. So the matter's seriously in hand. Babies in general are now to be considered as important as individual ones; and not only babies, but the mothers of the babies. These things, we have now decided are much too important, much too far-reaching, to be left to chance. If we want good citizens we've got to arrange that we get them—even at the risk of shocking those (lots still exist) who think such forethought not, you know, really quite nice. Otherwise—well, we shan't have them, that's all.

"The soldier-poet in his dug-out"

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THOUGH how, unless Lord Rhondda gets to work quickly, we're ever to feed and bring up even the babies we have got on present food prices I frankly confess I don't know. For against profiteers in legions even the most patriotic of mothers is the poorest match. "Take it or leave it" is their attitude, and as they know you've *got* to take it—well, 500 per cent. profit's easily made, and after three golden years

(*Continued on page 14*)

Society Portraiture

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

LADY CARSON

Wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty, Sir Edward Carson, K.C., M.P. Lady Carson is a daughter of Colonel Fraser, who formerly commanded the 16th Lancers

of profiteering even robbing the widow and the orphan must seem worth it.

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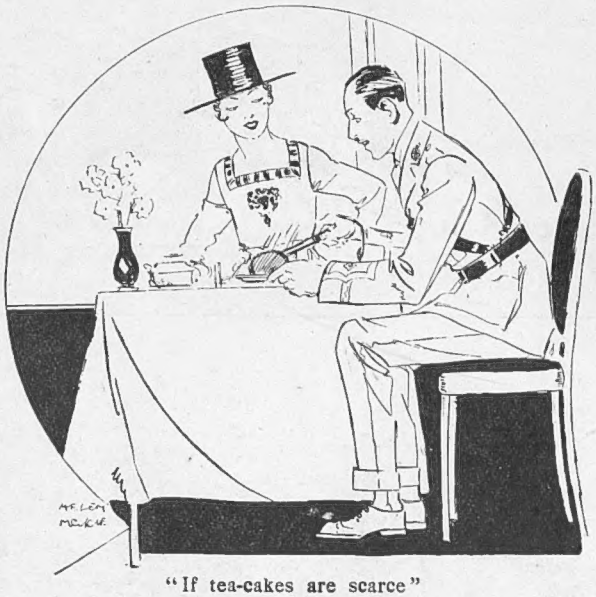
REMINDS me, quite extraordinary how *all* the catering crowd make out of the war. At a certain famous club you pay the same now for the one small piece of bread *or* cake you get for tea as you paid before for everything *ad lib.* And at the restaurants the insolence of over-tipped alien waiters is only equalled by the bloated independence of the management. "Booked a table for half-past twelve? Then you'll have to leave it by half-past one," was the greeting someone I know received when he and party presented themselves at an equally famous restaurant.



"If tea-cakes are scarce"

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ONE hears, though, that it's just the same in France, where everybody's selling things to Tommy and his officers, and the purveyors of nutriment of all kinds are, like the farmers in England, fairly dazzled by their own prices. My gunner-laureate, of the luxuriant fancy and untrammelled metre, is now, by the way, on the food question:

It gladdens my heart since the Taubes are napoo, love,
To feel that my Blanchie is safe from the Hun;
And if tea-cakes are scarce at Rumpelmayer's
How gladly with thee would I share half a bun!

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I'VE never met this gallant poet, but I'm sure, somehow, that he writes his "poems" late at night, or, rather, early in the morning, pr'aps with a long glass of lemonade or something by his side and the straws he's drunk it through decorating his hair.

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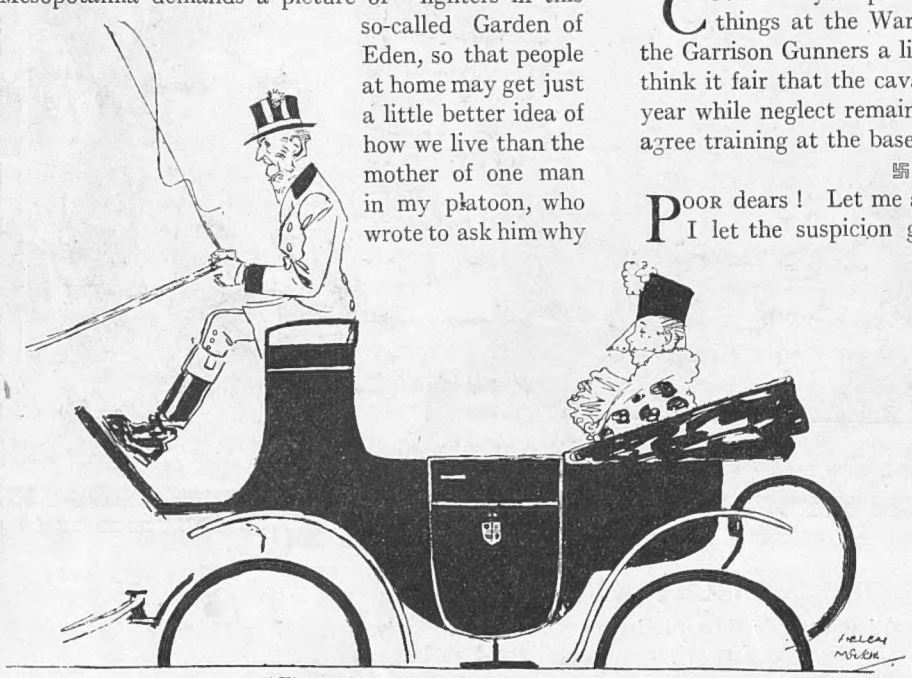
QUITE a lot of pathetic pleas not to be forgotten reach me, by the way, this week Another from Mesopotamia demands a picture of "fighters in this so-called Garden of Eden, so that people at home may get just a little better idea of how we live than the mother of one man in my platoon, who wrote to ask him why he'd had his photograph taken in football shorts! We don't wear shrapnel helmets or sloppy caps, but topees, and instead of tunics and breeches, greybacks and shorts. P. S.—Don't forget to put in mosquitoes and flies."



"The old carriages coming out again"

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"DEAREST Blanche," writes another, "I have been reading your letters for more than two years, but though you speak so nicely of all those baby subs. and the trench mortars and A.S.C. captains with decorative puttees, I don't remember ever reading anything about the Archies, the Anti-Aircraft gunners, you know. Like Esau of old, we feel out of it, and cry out unto you, 'Hast thou not even one blessing for us, O Blanche? After all, though we mayn't be always quite so successful as we'd like to be, at least we paint the sky and make the Hun feel uncomfortable, not to mention providing healthy occupation for aristocratic munitionettes. Do say something nice about the gunners—I'm a private myself. Never mind the officers; they dine late every night."

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LASTLY, there's an R.G.A. Officers' Mess, which says "we couldn't bear to hear of you getting so many letters from home-sick subalterns without writing you a line ourselves. Every week we look forward to your letter, but are surprised you have not yet mentioned us, though we've done our damnedest in every battle since the 1916 offensive began. We are a siege battery, and do the caterpillar crawl like a travelling circus, while our friends in other units stay in the same place, and when their own particular stunts are over go home on leave and take you out to tea.

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"COULDN'T you persuade some of the dear old things at the War Office to occasionally allow the Garrison Gunners a little leave? We really don't think it fair that the cavalry should get leave twice a year while neglect remains our portion, though we do agree training at the base must get monotonous."

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POOR dears! Let me assure them quickly—before I let the suspicion grow upon me that possibly they're pulling my leg—that I've not really forgotten a single one of them, even if I haven't mentioned them specially by name. I won't say all their jobs are equally important—that'd be fatal. Because then each of 'em's sure to reproach me again for forgetting how *much* bigger his is than all the rest.

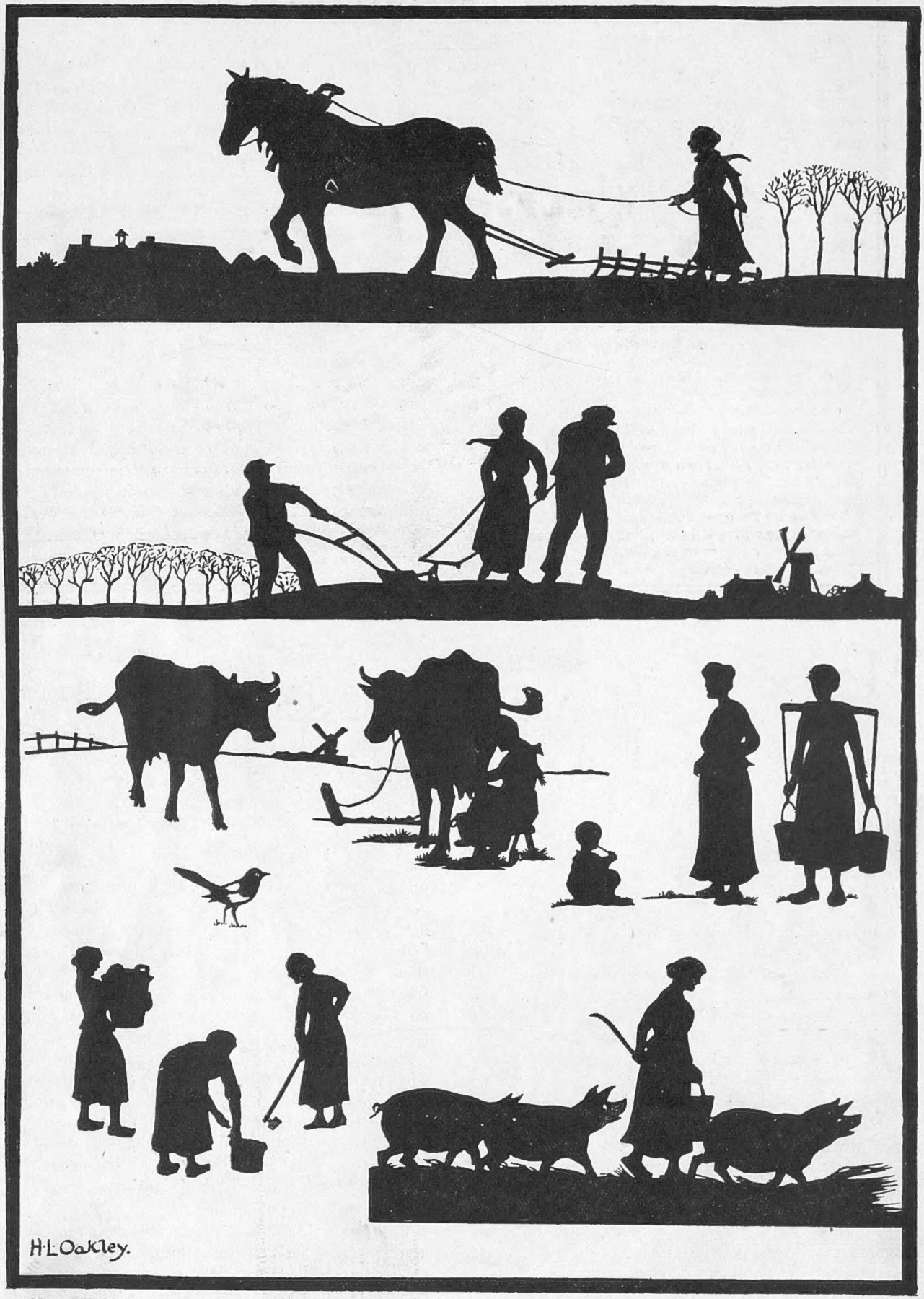
With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

Another Air-Raid Problem

LADY IN FOREGROUND: "Us was told to lie down flat, wasn't we, Mrs. Jones?"

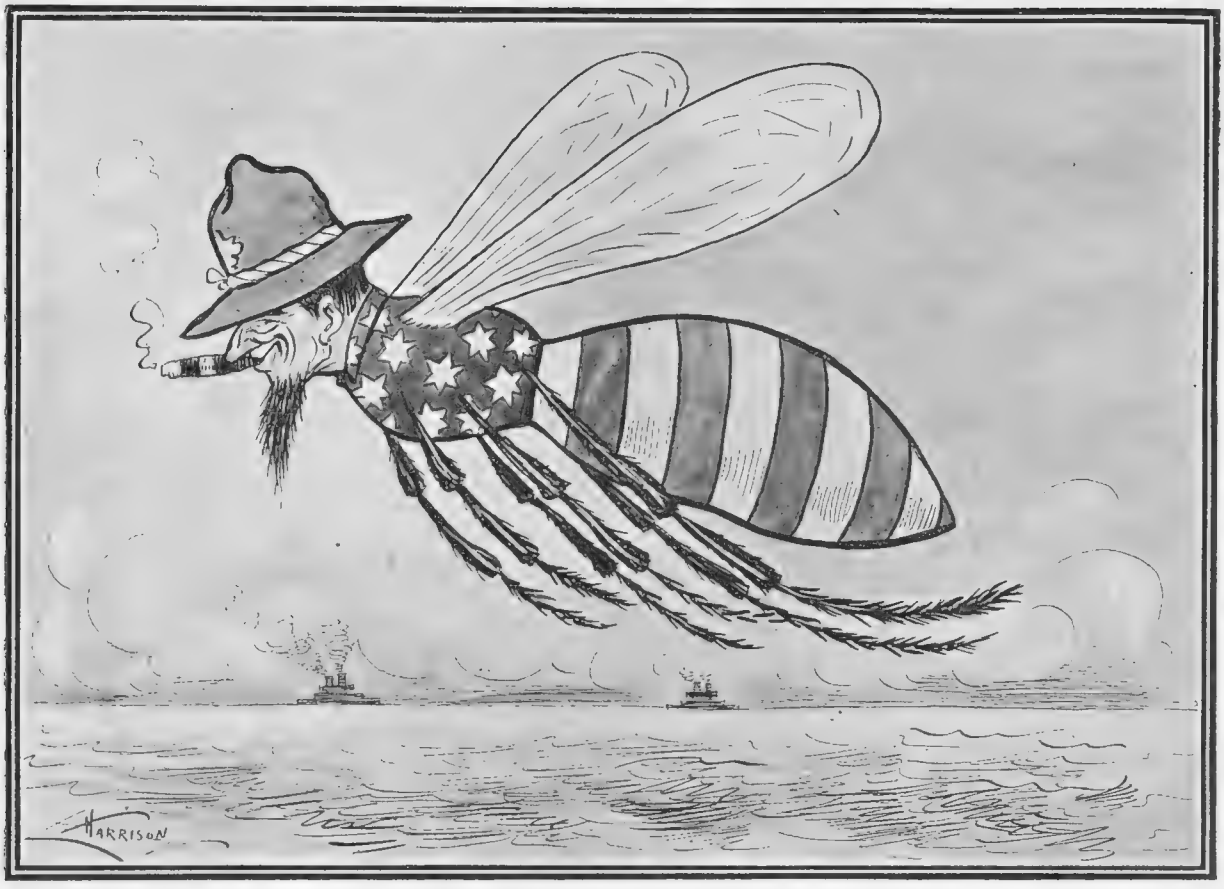
In Flanders—Now



PASSED BY CENSOR

WOMEN WORKERS IN THE WAR ZONE

[*These silhouettes were made by Lieut. Oakley in the area behind the firing line, where every inch of ground is made use of by the inhabitants. All the scenes depicted were actually witnessed, and the subjects form a contrast to the pictures of girls clad in male attire portrayed by English artists. Women do* all *the work on the farms in the absence of the men.*]



THE WASP FROM THE WEST

GASPIRATORS

BY Y. E. S.

I CANNOT be quite certain who first called them that. If it wasn't Brady Don it was Whelan, and if it wasn't Whelan it was Carson—sure. One or other of these three will find a name for anything a beneficent War Office bestows upon them, and it is invariably a vastly more popular name than that which may be found in the "Priced Vocabulary of Stores."

A gas helmet looks such an innocent thing. It is at least softer than the average head, which is more than can be said of some helmets—and some heads. But when you have tried it on, and are half suffocated by its stuffiness, and half poisoned by its chemicals, you think you would prefer to be gassed. Again, when you have come through a good dose of gas without knowing it, and find your metal trappings corroded beyond recognition, you think it is quite time someone found a pet name for your gas helmet. We all welcomed "gaspirator" as a suitable term of endearment, and as such they will henceforth be known and revered amongst us.

Densmore says the worst thing about a gaspirator is that it makes you want to smoke a cigarette, and when you get the beastly thing off and light up, your best brand tastes like chopped straw, and not nice, fresh straw at that. You throw away your cigarette in disgust after the first couple of whiffs.

"Why don't you try a pipe?" I asked him.

"I can't afford to risk throwing away a pipe," said Densmore.

"You fat-head," I said, as courteously as I could, "who's suggesting that you throw away pipes?"

But there is no use in arguing with Densmore when he has been put off cigarettes.

The C.O. is very fond of gaspirators—fond of looking at them, that is, when other people's heads are inside. The C.O. gets what he calls an idea sometimes. When the C.O. is inspired with an idea there is no stopping him. The rest of the company has either to sit up all night experimenting with it, while the C.O. goes to bed to dream another, or to slog all day developing it, while the C.O. smokes a pipe and looks for a fresh one in the smoke clouds. It is one thing to give birth to an idea; it is quite another thing to take that idea, foster it, mould it, translate it into something real and tangible, and "teach it how to shoot." That is where the company comes in.

When the C.O. had tried on his gaspirator for a very brief period, measurable in seconds, and had brushed his hair afterwards, he came in for a cup of tea to take away the pharmaceutical taste.

"We shall have to teach the company to cycle in their gas helmets," said the C.O. to the assembled mess. "I think that's rather an idea, don't you?"

"Rather," said Densmore.

But we should all have recognised the C.O.'s suggestion as an "idea" without his mention of the fact that he so considered it. We had heard his closing remark before. The mess paused to conjure up a picture of the company out for an airing, pushing, and skidding, and occasionally sprawling—a long, sinuous line of khaki-clad figures on two wheels, their heads encased in gaspirators; and the mess gasped.

(*Continued on page 18*)

"GASPIRATORS" (*concluded*)

"Do you want to suffocate the wretched company?" asked Jackson, when he recovered breath.

"They've got to get used to their gas-helmets," said the C.O. "I thought it was rather an idea."

"Ghastly!" said Graham.

"Death by slow torture!" said Parkes.

The C.O. smoked a pipe after tea, and by dinner-time he had slightly modified his idea. Next day we turned out for gaspirator drill.

The chief event on the programme was a cross-country championship with fixed helmets. An admiring populace gathered for the sport. Several juvenile spectators grew so frightened at this night-mare muster of bogy-men that they had to be carried off in hysterics by their parents or guardians. It would have made a fine picture for a Boche illustrated paper of "British troops terrorising infants."

The C.O. said he wanted to see if the men could breathe when they were out of breath. So they doubled round the fields to induce the desired breath-lessness. Three of them tried to bite the dust—or what may once have been dust before the flood—and they found they couldn't, through their gaspirator.

When they came in, they were told to unhelmet, and the C.O. had a look at them.

"Are you all right, Brady?" asked the C.O. of Brady Don.

"Yes, sir; but I think I've swallowed the speaking tube?"

"Swallowed the speaking tube," commented Carson afterwards. "If that means that you're going to talk more than usual, I'll live in my gaspirator."

"Here, give us a fag, and don't have so much old chat out o' ye," said Brady Don.

"If I've got to do a bayonet charge in one o' them things," remarked Whelan, "an' I stick you by mistake, don't blame me."

"If it comes to bayonet charging in gaspirators," said Brady Don, "you can stick me before we begin."

We are still wondering if the C.O. thinks the cycle test an "idea," and what we shall look like if it fructifies. I fancy we shall be even more "terrible than an army with banners."

Nursery Rhyme, 1917

Ten Private Soldiers going up the line,
One had trouble with a "five-point-nine."
Nine Private Soldiers, hiding from the "hate,"
One thought it cowardly—and then there were eight.
Eight Private Soldiers, sandbagging to Heaven,
Spotted by the Hun—and then there were seven.
Seven Private Soldiers, pottering with picks,
One struck something—and then there were six.
Six Private Soldiers tried to keep alive,
One was a failure—and then there were five.
Five Private Soldiers, wishing they were more,
Went to catch a sniper—and then there were four.
Four Private Soldiers discussing M. and V.,
One wolfed the lot which annoyed the other three.
Three Private Soldiers with nothing else to do,
One got promoted, and then there were two.
Two Private Soldiers fighting on and on,
One became a dotard, and then there was one.

. . . . . .

One Private Soldier remained in the pink
Till the *fifteenth* battle of Ypres, I think.
His fate, it appears, was unconscionably sad—
The very last bullet that the Germans had.

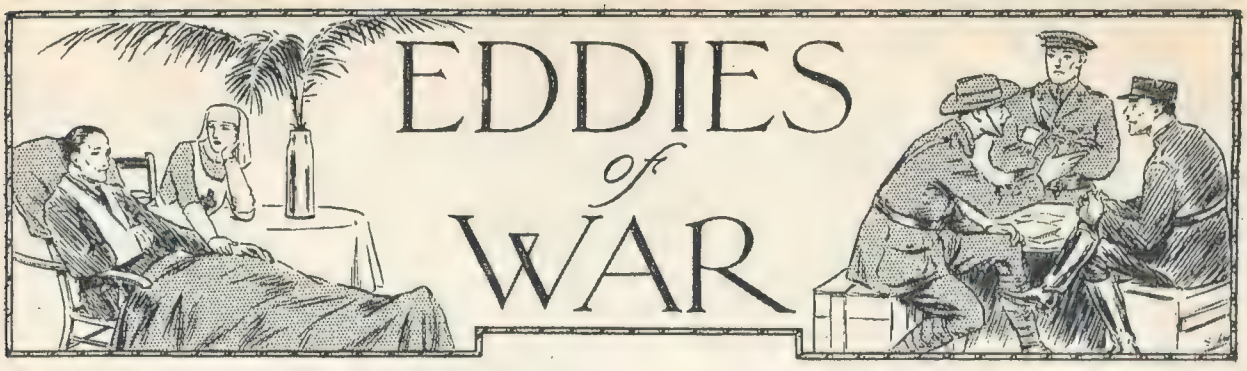
RECRUIT: "Lummy, that bloke wot said 'Life's a blank must have knowed you, sergeant!"

Envy at the Château

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Bit of alright, bein' one of these 'ere dukes, Bert, and 'ave a bed like this to sleep in"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



A COINCIDENCE?

BY DELL LEIGH

THEY had all come down from the stagnation of London, and the heat of the week that had passed. Jim Maitland's week-end parties were difficult to get to, owing, chiefly, to congestion of applications. It was usually "I am most awfully sorry, old man, but I simply haven't got a bed; old So-and-So is sleeping down at the Garage as it is—try next week——." Jim was one of those rare birds with a natural aptitude for making money quickly. The City had known him for quite a short time, comparatively, and he had left it with a couple of hundred thousand pounds to the good. In the process of making it (and since) he had collected round him many friends of most classes, for he had the heart of a child, and took an almost pathetic delight in seeing other people enjoy themselves. This week-end party was a representative one. Seven tired men had arrived the night before, and thenceforward had been made to forget, as far as is humanly possible, that the pall of war hung heavily upon all of them.

❋ ❋

UPON the broad, red-tiled verandah on this Sunday evening sat four of the tired men in long chairs, smoking Jimmy Maitland's superb cigars. The other three and Jimmy were in the billiard-room playing snooker on a championship table. Occasionally in a pause of conversation they heard the "click" of balls, the squirt of a siphon, or Jimmy's "good shot, partner."

❋ ❋

THE four on the verandah had partially succumbed to the influence of the cigars and the deepening shadows over the garden, and the talk became desultory. Presently across the purpling sky came the dull thresh of an engine. They all glanced up idly, with faint interest, for planes passed over here at all hours. Crosby, the fat stockbroker, pointed north-east with his cigar, and they saw the black smudge passing rapidly across the sharp upper lights of the heavens.

❋ ❋

"FINE boys, those," said O'Neill, the doctor, "what pace is he going, do you suppose?"

"Impossible to say in this light," answered Leith, a gunner, "pretty fast from the look of it; watch that cloud he's passing across."

Thence, as was natural, the conversation drifted back to the air—and the enemy. Leith, whose job was war, told them of France in the early stages of her trial; of the retreat in the first weeks of the campaign, and of prisoners he himself had had speech with.

❋ ❋

THEY discussed the psychology of the German temperament, Crosby maintaining that it was insular and derogatory to our tradition of fair play to condemn a race for the atrocities of its mad militarist party. Leith interjected here and there with snorts of disapproval. He was all for reprisals, "multiplied by ten," as he put it. They drifted into the reprisal question, and Crosby had the other three against him. Thence to the need for a closer surveillance over Germans, naturalised or not, resident in the country.

❋ ❋

O'NEILL told them, in his whimsical Irish way, of a patient of his who, as an aftermath of shell-shock, became temporarily deranged, and thought his name was Hindenburg. Indeed, he claimed kinship with the German general, and produced from a disordered mind proof after lineal proof of his German ancestry. The patient's name was Brown, and there was no evidence to show that any of his immediate relations had ever been nearer the German frontier than the winter sports at Mürren. "However, I had the divil of a toime with him," said the doctor, "an' faith, his own father could scarcely be broibed to spake with the poor lad."

❋ ❋

"THAT'S exactly my point," went on Crosby at the end of the doctor's story, "we're all Hun mad. From a commercial point of view, of course, it's a suicidal policy. Germany has been our best customer for generations, and hounding every German off the map is sheer midsummer madness.

"Take old Gunschmidt," he went on. "Now there's a man, universally respected in the City, a man who has done business in London with most of us for over thirty years. A German, yes. Naturalised in 1903. His whole outlook is British; he has scarcely an accent even; he is immensely charitable, wouldn't hurt a fly—and has been working like a slave on *British* war-work, mark you, for the last two years without being absent from his office in the City for one single day, including Sundays. Are we to condemn men of *that* stamp? I say emphatically *no!*"

❋ ❋

THE others had strolled out from the billiard-room as Crosby was speaking, and one of them, Ashworth, another stockbroker, said, "You're not *quite* right about Gunschmidt, old chap. He has had *one* day's holiday. He was not in the City on the day of the air raid. He took a holiday that day. Notified the police, obtained a permit, and went to Brighton the day before—he needed a rest, no doubt!"

Crosby waved Ashworth aside. "A pure coincidence, my dear fellow. Why, you don't mean to suggest that ——?"

"He suggests," put in the gunner, rising, "that it was a super-coincidence—that's all. Good-night, you chaps."

"What's the Navy Doing?"

(For reply see below)

This official (Naval) air photograph of Ostend after a British Naval bombardment supplies a cogent answer to the question so often asked by the pessimists. When it is remembered that the target was invisible to the Naval gunners, the accuracy of their fire is as wonderful as the daring of the airmen who came down low enough to take the photograph in its vivid detail and to note the exact results of the bombardment

Key to lettering on photograph :—A Shell-hole. B Shell damaging entrance gates to basin; the gates on the right-hand side can be seen shored up. C Destroyer damaged on her side. D Pier damaged. E, F Shell-holes. G Corner of shop demolished. H Skylight of shop blown out by explosion inside. J Roof of shop collapsed. K, L Groups of shops demolished. N, O, M End of long shop demolished. P Shop collapsed. Q Destroyer with side damaged. R Wreckage in berth inside destroyer, probably from smaller vessel moored there. S Building demolished. T Damage to end of wharf. U Damage to a jetty. Z Damage to a jetty. W Wreckage. Y Top of submarine shelter depressed. X Shell-hole in the mud. ZZ Camber displaced. The floating dock with two submarines escaped damage except at XX and YY. The only damage shown is that which affects roofs and horizontal areas. Damage to the sides of buildings which must exist is not shown in the photograph. I. Oyster preserve. II. Anti-aircraft battery. III. Floating dock building. IV. Submarine shelter, with another close to under construction

The Bystander in Paris

"L'HEURE DE L'APÉRITIF"

"American conquests and capitulations *a la francaise*"

CAFÉ GAULOIS, *July*

MONSIEUR ET CHER ALLIÉ—

At last it has come—the day we have all been longing for—the day which during the long winter months we have looked forward to as the reward and comfort of our tribulations! Monsieur has, of course, divined (he who knows his Paris!) which is the day of days—"*Der Tag*," as those miserable Boches would say! Need I say that Frédéric was among the first to celebrate it—that he was there *en première ligne*, so to speak! Before the sun had risen he was at his old post, down under the bridge where the shadows were still deep, and his line was one of the first in the water!

⁂

Ah, the delight of the cool morning hours! He who has not surprised Paris as she awakens from her sleep and has not seen her smile at her own reflection as she brushes away the rosy mist from her silver mirror—he who has not watched her at her elaborate toilet, rubbing and polishing her charming visage till it sparkles and glitters—has not seen her in her most beautiful, her most radiant moments! As M. Georges says, "Only she who is sure of her charms will risk a morning reception *en déshabille!*" Dame! she can risk it—Paris!—on a June morning!

⁂

As for us, the veterans, who with basket and line or with easel and canvas attend her morning *levée*, we to whom every year she accords her *petites entrées* at this season, she knows us, *la coquine!* She knows, though we sit like statues the long of the quais, with eyes fixed on our bobbing lines or staring at our canvas, that, like the old *polissons*, we are secretly watching her in her mirror, and chuckling at the thousand *petits soins* she is taking in the course of her morning toilet! And these are moments (for who, monsieur, has not his souvenirs?) when a gallant Frenchman cannot refrain from throwing her a kiss!

He was there, too, my old comrade of the line, he who for years has been my neighbour and my rival. Though he comes from Marseilles and his accent is that of the *Cannebière*, his conversation is not without *agrément*—even when he exaggerates, which, of course, is not his fault! (For example, monsieur knows that even a Marseillais cannot catch salmon between the Pont Neuf and the Pont Royal—*voyons!*) But for a provincial he shows signs of instruction and intelligence. It was from him yesterday that I learnt what deplorable results certain Ministerial regulations had had in the provinces. I fear he is right!

⁂

We others, we Parisians, forgot too often that there are other civilian populations in France! Perhaps because our Ministers show less regard for their patience than for ours. I hear, for instance, that the recent decree about gas restriction, which caused such alarm here the other day until we learnt—with

(Continued on page 31)

"*A tour de force* worthy of the great Vatel"

Vive l'Entente!

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Lumme, there wouldn't 'arf be a scandal if the Capting or Mr. Kirchner knew that you an' me come out of our frames for a smoke and a chat of ar evening"

(With apologies to Captain Bruce Bairnsfather and Raphael Kirchner)

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

what relief!—that it only applied to the unhappy provincials, is causing incalculable annoyance. As my friend from Marseilles pointed out, we Parisians when we find life unbearable and decide it is not worth continuing, have at least the comfort of a last revenge. For, as monsieur knows, the favourite and accepted mode of joining our ancestors is, in such cases, to do so at the expense of the gas company! But in the provinces it is not even possible now to asphyxiate oneself at will, since they have taken to cutting off the gas supply at different hours. Result: more than one complaint has been lodged against the authorities for maliciously frustrating an attempt of *felo de se*, which is one of the first rights of a free citizen. So, at least, my friend from Marseilles informs me.

"The day of days"

⁂

TALKING about the gas restriction, monsieur, reminds me! The evening M. Violette published his decree here, the *patronne*, for fear of accidents, closed the gas-meter. Of course—a moment afterwards—in walks our first American client in uniform—one of those who have arrived with General Pershing—and calls for the "Omelette Gauloise," for which the café is famous. What to do? Madame refuses to open the *compteur*, saying it is better to lose even an American client than to risk an explosion. I was in despair! But not Mlle. Céline! It was she who saved the situation by a *tour de force* worthy of the great Vatel! No, monsieur, I will not reveal the secret; but it suffices: our new Ally had his omelette and we gained a new client!

⁂

APROPOS! What a strange idiom—that of our new Allies! I confess, monsieur, that Frédéric is often at a loss to know whether it is in praise or in blame they are speaking. For instance, the omelette client began by recommending me to "get a move on," vowed he intended "to punish the victuals," and when he went away, swore the Café Gaulois "had every other food emporium backed off the map!" But they are *beaux gaillards*, these Yankee *pqilus!* and, of course, Frédéric is not the only one who is of that opinion! Already the *communiqués* of M. Georges abound with citations of American conquests and capitulations *à la française*. He also says, now Brother Jonathan has begun staking his claims in France, Mr. Atkins will have to keep his eyes open, or he will claim his stakes!

⁂

BUT, between us, monsieur, I don't believe there is any such danger. To be sure, *Marianne* opens her arms to the new arrivals. There is room near her heart for them also; but, do not fear! she will not forget those who were there first. Monsieur knows as well as I do that the lover who is longest remembered is he of the *vache enragée* days—he who helped to fight off the wolf—the comrade of the evil moment! . . .

⁂

BUT Mlle. Céline is calling me! I had almost forgotten the concert in the Tuileries—and to-night the opening night! The only sort of concert, monsieur, that will ever be really popular in Paris. You others say we are not musical here in Paris! Perhaps. At any rate, they have never yet succeeded with their big concert halls. The Parisian public—the great public, I mean—will not pay even popular prices to sit in a stuffy building and listen to an orchestra, however good. It goes against our character; but out in the open—anywhere where there are trees—we become *mélomanes* at once—and not too critical at that.

"The only sort of concert that will ever be popular in Paris"

⁂

MONSIEUR, I remember, used to laugh at the lack of variety in our musical *plats du jour!* But that only proves what I was just telling monsieur—that the old favourites are not forgotten! . . . Oh, but she is impatient, Mlle. Céline! . . .

À bientôt, monsieur!

In haste,

FRÉDÉRIC

When the Raider Drops In—

HINTS TO HOUSEHOLDERS

Shrapnel Pars

WHEN Wilhelm and Tino meet they can compare notes on their respective misfortunes. While the former has not got his place in the sun, the latter *has* got a son in his place.

THE luckless Tino, who seems doomed to suffer from feminine discipline, had to pay the penalty for freedom from arrest at Athens by getting hand-cuffs applied to him by a woman at Lugano.

"IS the moment for ending the war," naïvely asks the *Munich Post*, "to be determined by the German nation or by its rulers?" By neither, of course—that's where the Allies will come in!

THE Government has admittedly discovered that the scarcity and high price of beer have been the cause of the prevailing discontent. So now it is compulsory teetotalism to which they have wisely decided to apply Prohibition.

LORD BUCKMASTER says that it is of the utmost importance that the public at large should take a pride in the doings of their public men. It is of even more importance that our public men should do something in which we can take a pride.

REPRISALS are very much in the air just now. But why talk about them in advance? To be effective they should be surprisals.

IN the cart: The race-horse.

GROANED the war-food dyspeptic: "They make me see red,
Those posters that mock from the wall;
Why rub in the rule that I *must*
'Eat Less Bread,'
When I can't eat the poison at all?"

"PORTSMOUTH'S Bread Lead," said a Sunday paper headline. Well, if it is anything like as heavy as London's, we don't wonder at the description.

WHEN Greek joins Greek in Greece—well, the fat's in the fire, isn't it?

THE profiteer is singing small. Just a little Rhondda lay.

"BILL posters," says Colonel Norton Griffiths, "were the pulse of public opinion." He evidently think that the Government should have kept their fingers on the public pulse, and their hands off.

IN the Air: The defence of London.

TINO lost his crown at Athens and his hat at Lugano. All seems lost but dishonour!

UNPOPULAR in Switzerland just now: Tales of Hoffmann and Grimm's Fairy Peace Tales.

THERE seems to be a great deal of argument about Lord Northcliffe's mission to America. Looks almost as if it might develop into an ad.-mission. One point the rival press seems to have overlooked, and that is that in going to America his Lordship has left England.

RETRIBUTION

Biffkins, who has had a successful day's fishing, drops into a crowd of enthusiastic allotment holders

Telling the Tale and Telling the Truth

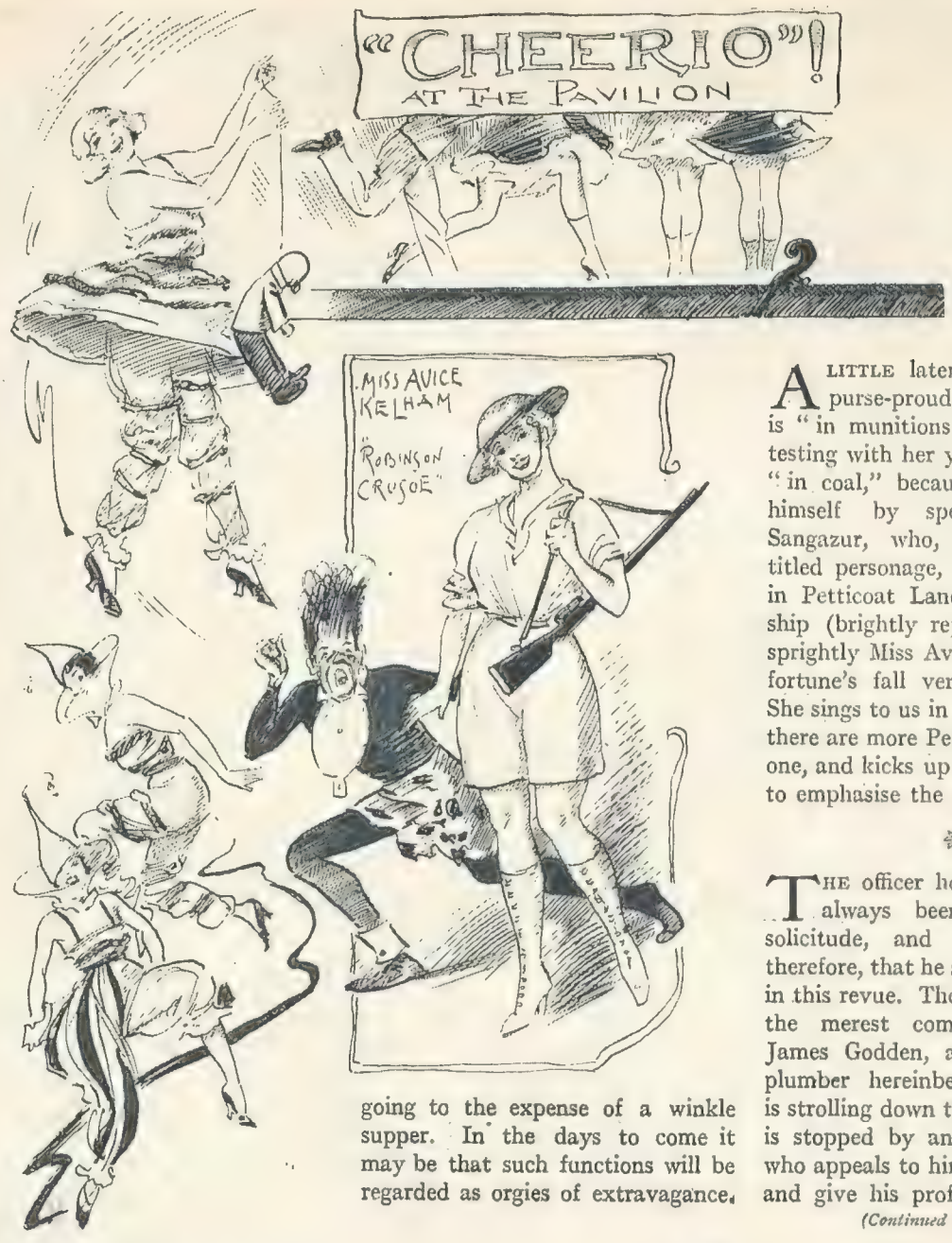
"I must leave off now, dear, because the General wants to have a battle!"

"Say, Bill, I feels like one o' them Conscious Objectives!"

"CHEERIO"! AT THE PAVILION

BY "JINGLE"

Illustrated by Norman Morrow



"CHEERIO!" is a soldiers' word, and at the London Pavilion it is interpreted as conveying the best wishes for good luck and a safe return, and so say all of us! The leading spirit of the revue is, as usual, the versatile Mr. James Godden, who during the evening is everything by turns, from a mere gentleman in evening dress to a prosperous plumber. And in these days that is prosperity indeed. The topsy-turvy effects of the war are dealt with very brightly here. At quite an early stage of the proceedings we find no less distinguished a personage than Lord Plantagenet earning his daily bread as a hardworking costermonger, and debating with his donah, Lady Lavender, as to whether they will be justified in going to the expense of a winkle supper. In the days to come it may be that such functions will be regarded as orgies of extravagance.

A LITTLE later on we have a purse-proud young lady (she is "in munitions") haughtily protesting with her young man, who is "in coal," because he is lowering himself by speaking to Lady Sangazur, who, being merely a titled personage, is now a resident in Petticoat Lane. Still, her ladyship (brightly represented by the sprightly Miss Avice Kelham) takes fortune's fall very philosophically. She sings to us in a cheery way that there are more Petticoat Lanes than one, and kicks up her heels daintily to emphasise the very obvious fact.

THE officer home on leave has always been an object of solicitude, and it was natural, therefore, that he should find a place in this revue. The scene opens with the merest commonplace. Mr. James Godden, as the prosperous plumber hereinbefore referred to, is strolling down the street, when he is stopped by an aristocratic lady who appeals to him to come at once and give his professional attention

(Continued on page 30)

Beauty Before the Curtain

Camera study *Bertram Park*

A fascinating camera study of Miss Hilda Lewis, whose dancing in "High Jinks" at the Adelphi has contributed so largely to the success of that entertaining revue

"CHEERIO!" AT THE PAVILION (*concluded*)

to a burst water-pipe in her house. The plumber, however, loftily declines to do anything of the kind. He has been exempted from the Army on the ground that he is indispensable, and the compliment seems to have flown to his head. In the direness of her need the lady kneels to him for his help, and it is just at that moment that the Major, her *fiancé*, arrives on the scene. The Major has at first a short way with plumbers; but then he doesn't know what has been happening at home while he has been at the war. He learns the cruel truth by degrees. The elaborate dinner he had dreamed of for months in the trenches remains a dream; and the little supper with a dance afterwards is, he is told, still more impossible. The climax comes with the arrival of a lady policeman, who informs him coldly that she is going to keep him in sight in order to make sure that he doesn't annoy the young lady by following her about. London must certainly have its surprises for the soldier on very occasional leave.

❀

Indeed, Robinson Crusoe, who has managed to escape from his lonely island in order to appear in this revue, is so affected by the changes in London life brought about by the war that he decides to return to the wilderness. On one occasion he sees a stylish-looking man making overtures to a pretty girl, who scorns his advances. The said man then offers money to an evil-looking old woman, who endeavours to persuade the girl to accept it. Finally the old woman, taking a very practical view of the requirements of the case, throws a cloth over the girl's head, and tries to drag her away. To Robinson Crusoe's simple and unsophisticated mind there can be only one meaning to this lamentable procedure; but, as it happens, R.C. is quite wrong. The man is merely trying to persuade the young lady to enter his wife's service as cook, and the evil-looking woman is nothing more wicked than the proprietor of a servants' registry office. I admit I don't know how wicked that is; but, then, even I am not supposed to know everything.

❀

The Wounded Soldier who is bored to death by well-meaning people who offer him just the kind of entertainment he is not looking for, has an amusing scene to himself; and since no self-respecting revue could nowadays omit a reference to the work of woman on the land, that pleasing novelty is duly travestied here. In the last act, this revue develops frankly into a variety entertainment, entitled "Something of Everything," and this section of the programme is by no means the least interesting.

Jingle

NEW SERIES

Army Instructions Bystandardised. No. 2

Fire-steps must not be neglected.
Repair each breakage when detected.

PASSED BY CENSOR

"'Arf a mo, sergeant; Ginger thinks e's goin' "nap'"

The Collector of Sights

By F. W. THOMAS

THE Man in Black dropped into a corner seat with a sigh of relief, and, groping in the back parts of his tail-coat, drew out a black clay pipe and some evil-looking tobacco. In a few minutes he leaned back, grunting contentedly, and blew a big cloud of fierce smoke, so that two houseflies on the roof were overcome, and fell to the floor, breaking their necks.

"Hot work, a day like this!" said the Man in Black. "Didn't ought to have 'em in the summer. All these thick, black togs to wear, and this hard hat, and this stick-up collar. I'm half strangled!" He ran a fat forefinger round the red ring on his neck. "Feel as if I was looking over a garden wall with this on," he said.

"Been to a funeral?" asked a man opposite. The Man in Black blew another devastating cloud.

"If you work your brain like that often," he said, "you'll have a breakdown. Where did you think I'd been? To a wedding? Or hopping round the Maypole? Or gathering nuts and may? I've had a day off for to attend the obse-what's-his-names—the burying of my late old aunt Isabella, and I don't know but what I wouldn't sooner have gone to work. It wasn't half hot in that carriage. And that stuffy! And they wouldn't let me smoke neither. Said it wasn't respectful, but I lay deceased wouldn't have objected if she'd been alive. She loved the smell of a good pipe and liked to see me enjoying myself.

"A grand old woman! Eighty-seven, she was, and in possession of all her facilities right up to the last. Read the paper without glasses, hear a ticking spider across the room, and take her half of stout like a two-year-old. A wonderful old lady!

"And the interest that woman took in things! Marvellous! Why, there wasn't a public funeral or a big wedding or a fire or a Zepp. brought down—there wasn't a crowd of any sort looking at any old thing, but I bet she was in it somewheres. Sightseeing was her hobby, and the way that woman got about was just wonderful.

"Talk about Lord Mayor's Shows! She hadn't missed one for donkey's years, and they're larger than any other sort. She'd been to more Lord Mayor's shows than the Lord Mayor himself! And Coronations! I lay she'd been to dozens of Coronations. Scores of 'em! And Royal weddings and Royal funerals and Lying-in-States; she'd seen the lot from the Siamese Twins to General Booth. And the bigger the crowd was the better she liked it.

"Always there first, always in the front row of the stalls, and never hot or excited. I used to wonder how she did it, and then one day—it was when the King presented the medals in Hyde Park—I went with her. It was her last trip, poor old dear, though she didn't know that at the time, or maybe she'd have stopped longer.

"Well, you know what sort of a crowd there was there. Millions of 'em, packed like peas in a bottle. You never saw such a crush! Why, when it was all over some of the people had been squeezed that flat that you couldn't see 'em when they stood sideways on. And deceased was that you might call a good all-round woman. Plenty of her, like! People she leaned against weren't much good afterwards.

"So when I saw the crowd I thought it was all up! 'This has got you whacked, auntie!' I says, but she only sniffs and barges into the crowd. Then by working her way in and out she picks a favourable spot, close to a kind-hearted looking old gent. with churchwarden's whiskers, two of 'em; and then she faints. Chucks a dummy, and flops over in a heap.

"That was where the churchwarden Johnny came in. He was on the spot like a bird. 'Give her air!' he shouts. 'Room for the lady!' And in about two two's they clears a nice little ring and starts rubbing auntie's ankles. Then they lifts her up and starts carrying her towards the ropes, and before I knew what had happened we were in the front row, and auntie was feeling much better, thank you! And on top of that she gets a nice nip of brandy out of the churchwarden's flask.

"Cunning? That isn't the word! She knew 'em like a book. Wouldn't go near a man that looked like he knew all about first aid, because at one Lord Mayor's Show a young fellow nearly killed her with sal volatile, and chucked half a bucket of water on her blouse. She always looked for the soft-hearted ones, and generally she found 'em.

"Sometimes they'd start carrying her away from the front rank, but when that happened she always come to before she got too far, and found another place to start work in. Fits too! That woman knew more about fits than the fit doctors. Epilepsy, apoplexy, heart attacks, she'd got 'em all off by heart, and could turn 'em on at a minute's notice. She didn't go to see the sights; she got carried. And it was a bad day when she didn't get one or two goes of brandy.

"Only once did she make a mistake, and that was at the Derby. She couldn't get near the ropes, so she started an epileptic. Got it a treat, too! Kicking her heels and looking most pathetic with her bonnet over one ear; but there was a medical student there that thought he knew a bit, and he takes charge, and in about three seconds he had her feet up in the air for to cause the blood to run back to the brain. Most undignified! But she was getting on for sixty-five then, so it didn't matter much.

"A wonderful old woman! She'd seen all the crowned heads of Europe, and all the Lord Mayors of London since Dick Whittington, and she'd seen King Edward so often that they used to nod to one another. But marriages and funerals was her biggest line. Especially funerals!"

The Man in Black blew another big cloud, and gazed at it meditatively.

"Especially funerals!" he added. "And she had a front seat to-day all right."

WARING & GILLOW'S

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LINENS-DRAPERY-CHINA-GLASS

Now Proceeding

FOR TWO WEEKS ONLY

4,500 yards 31 in. heavy quality Cretonne, fine floral design on green, gold, purple, black, and dark red ground.
Usual price 1/4½ **Sale price 8½d. yard**

375 yards 50 in. hand printed jaspe Taffeta, in two distinct colour treatments, large rose and lilac.
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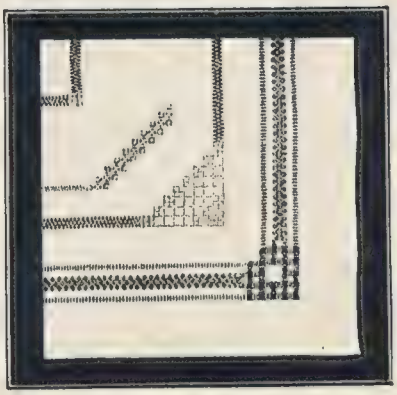
100 only all Lace Cushion Covers, 22 in. square.
2/6 each to clear



Drawn thread Bedspread in Teneriff design.
Usual price 42/- **Sale price 25/6 each**

The Specimen Items printed above are merely a few examples of value to be obtained.

WARING & GILLOW LTD

Furnishers & Decorators to H.M. the King.

164-180 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

Telephone: Museum 5000.

Telegrams: "Warison, London."

Regimental Fables

No. XI.—OUTPOSTS

And, behold! the battalion were doing an outpost scheme. And the colonel (with adjutant) was going round the piquets. And he came unto Number 2 Piquet of Number 1 Outpost Company. And he looked about him and asked certain questions and made certain remarks. And he pushed forward unto Number 2 Sentry Group of the said piquet. And it occurred unto him to play his old game of "testing sentry."

❋ ❋

And, full of this resolve, he went unto the sentry, and said, "What are you?" And the sentry made reply unto him: "Sentry, sir." And he said unto the sentry: "Look to your front, where the enemy may be. *Don't* look at me." Now this should have warned the sentry; but he was only a recruit. And the colonel asked sundry other questions. And suddenly he said unto the sentry: "Give me your rifle." And the sentry gave him his rifle. And thereby delivered himself into his hands And the C.O. said: "A d——n fine sentry, indeed, art thou, to give up thy arms. Good heavens! fellow, what earthly good art thou on a piquet?" . . . and much more in the same strain. And the sentry said: "But, sir, art thou not my C.O.? and did'st not thou command me to yield up my rifle?" And the Colonel answered him, and said: "How do you know? I might be a Hun, a disguised Hun, a spy. I cannot understand . . ." *et seq.*

❋ ❋

And the colonel (with adjutant) having played his game very successfully, departed in a very good humour for the luncheon interval. And the sentry was much saddened by reason of these things. And later in the day he took an opportunity of communicating to a friend of his (who was also a sentry farther off) what had happened, so that the latter might be forewarned. And it so fell out that in the afternoon the Colonel (with adjutant) came unto this other sentry and essayed similar tactics with him. And this sentry said unto him: "Come round in front, you two, and let's 'ave a look at yer." Now the colonel was somewhat astonished at being addressed in this wise by a private soldier. But, nevertheless, he came round in front, as directed. And he put further questions to the sentry, which were answered in a rather truculent manner. So much so that the colonel began to feel angry. But he dissembled his anger, remembering that he was playing his old game of "testing sentry."

❋ ❋

And he suddenly required the sentry (as before) to yield him up his rifle. But the sentry yielded him it not, and answered him, saying: "Ho! that's yer style, is it?" And he cried out unto his group commander: "Hi! Come and seize these two bloomin' dirty spies" (thinking thereby to earn great *kudos*). But, alas! for the uncertainty of human wishes, the old man became most fearfully wroth and fairly lost his wool. And he said, "Arrest me there this impudent scoundrel, and march him back unto the encampment." And it was so.

❋ ❋

And the next morning at orderly-room this sentry got it in the neck properly, and he was much more saddened than even the first sentry.

Moral.—It's a hard life.

The Convalescent: "And to think it was the Kaiser that brought us together!"

Silent Tribute Day

to the Late Lord Roberts

FRIDAY, JULY 6TH

IN LONDON.

SATURDAY, JULY 7th
IN THE PROVINCES.

BUY A TOKEN

made by permanently disabled Soldiers and Sailors and help

The LORD ROBERTS MEMORIAL WORKSHOPS

LORD ROBERTS' warning to be prepared for war was not heeded at the time. Were he alive to-day his warning would be to get ready to take care to find employment for our permanently disabled Soldiers and Sailors. There is still time for the people of the Kingdom to do the latter. He whole-heartedly approved of the workshops that to-day bear his name. Nine of them are now finding proper employment for totally disabled men. More workshops are needed. Visit the shop nearest to you and see for yourself. These workshops are the most practical way of finding work for our permanently disabled men in the War. Therefore please help.

THE WORKSHOPS ARE

The National Tribute to Lord Roberts.

Make Cheques or Money Orders payable to the Chairman, Lord Cheylesmore, K.C.V.O. The Lord Roberts Memorial Headquarters, 122, Brompton Road, London, S.W. 1.

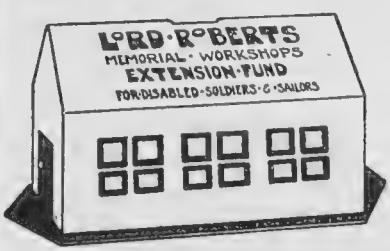
WORKSHOPS at Britannia Road, Fulham, London ; Colchester, Birmingham, Bradford, Belfast, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Brighton, Plymouth.

LADY MAUD WARRENDER

HONORARY ORGANIZER OF SILENT TRIBUTE DAY.

Major-General Lord Cheylesmore, Chairman ; Major Tudor Craig, Comptroller.

Charles Frederick Higham, Honorary Director of the National Tribute Fund.



Look out for these little Arks and help to fill one on July 6th.

THESE WORKSHOPS find regular employment at a standard rate of wage for men broken in the War. These men nearly died for you. Will you help them to make a living again ? Is it too much to ask of you ?

The Fatal Gift of Beauty

BY "EFEMERA"

Illustrated by Hill Clarke

"How pretty you look to-day"

Proverbial Lies

THERE are various proverbs invented, I suppose, with the object of discouraging vanity, such as "handsome is as handsome does," "beauty is only skin deep," etc., but I do not know that they have ever had much effect—at least, any effect they may have had is not so conspicuous as to be visible to the naked eye. Probably they are true as far as they go, but they do not by any means state the whole truth. Beauty may be only skin deep, but it is equally a fact that ugliness strikes in to the bone. I dare say that the mere consciousness of being ugly has wrecked more lives than all the crimes of the penal code put together.

⁂

Divine Right

LET a woman but be convinced that she is pretty, and nothing can equal her assurance. She will arrogate to herself rights and privileges that would be denied with ridicule to a plain woman, and no one will think of disputing her claim—no man, at least. Those of her sisters who have been less favoured by the gods may jib at her pretensions, but by doing so they only lay themselves open to the imputation of sour grapes. A pretty face and figure will take a woman further than all the wit or learning in the world. In fact, learning can only be atoned for by good looks. If Hypatia had not been a beauty as well as a philosopher I wonder how many of the young men of Alexandria would have sat at her feet?

⁂

A Diet of Worms

OF course, we may affect to despise beauty, but, whatever we may say, there is not a woman alive who would not suffer untold agony if by so doing she could become beautiful. As it is we all do our surreptitious little best with dieting and cosmetics and beauty treatments, not to mention the art of dressing, to pass ourselves off as at least colourable imitations of beauty. The woman who despises the artifices of the dressing-table, and who deliberately arrays herself in unbecoming garments, is an unfeminine monster—or perhaps she has only thrown up the sponge in despair. In that case it is generally a question of "Nobody loves me. I am going into the garden to eat worms." But who really enjoys a wormy diet? We may all come to it if the U-boats continue on their nefarious way, but that is beside the point.

"Dressing to pass ourselves off"

⁂

The Unforgivable Insult

IS there a woman with soul so dead as not to respond with a thrill of joy when someone, preferably *the* one, says, "How pretty you look to-day"? It would be an unforgivable breach of etiquette to tell a woman that she is hideous, but we all know what it means when our dearest friend says with sympathetic anxiety, "My dear, what is the matter? You look

(*Continued on page 40*)

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161 & 159, Regent Street

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Lady's polished morocco Dressing Case, lined watered silk fitted entirely square edge Sterling Silver, engine turned design. Size 18 × 14 × 7 ins. deep.

£47 : 10 : 0

A CHARMING CASE.
FINEST QUALITY
THROUGHOUT

"THE HOUSE FOR DRESSING CASES."

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By Appointment to *H.M. Queen Alexandra.*

The "QUORN FEATHERWEIGHT"

No. 4.—Active Service Coat

Weight under 3 lbs. for

Summer and Tropical Wear.

AN adaptation of our "Quorn" Winter Coat, also supplied in short-length coats with Extension Flap to protect the Knees. Guaranteed Waterproof.

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Also in heavier weights the QUORN No. 1, 2, and 3, Active Service Coats.

Only measurements required to ensure perfect fit: Chest, Length of Sleeve from centre of back to length desired, and Height.

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A Study in Progressive Physical Development

Convincing Testimony from the Mother

BABY "EUSTACE"
Aged 6½ months. Fed from birth on the Allenburys' Foods.

Same boy aged 4 years.

Same boy aged 12 years.

Same boy aged 8 years.

THE MOTHER'S TESTIMONY

"I am enclosing you some more photographs of my eldest son, Eustace. He is now just over twelve years of age, and thanks to his splendid constitution which was built up on the 'Allenburys' Foods with which he was fed from birth, he is well and strong, and has escaped the illnesses so prevalent with children up to his age."

WORLD WIDE TESTIMONY

The "Allenburys" Foods provide a Pure and Complete Dietary, and contain all the essential elements for promoting brain and body development.

An ever increasing volume of testimony to their great value is received from Medical Men, Nurses and Parents resident in nearly all parts of the world.

The "Allenburys" MILK FOOD No. 1
From birth to 3 months.

The "Allenburys" MILK FOOD No. 2
From 3 to 6 months.

The 'Allenburys' Foods
The Simplest and Best Method of Infant Feeding

The "Allenburys" MALTED FOOD No. 3
From 6 months upwards.

The "Allenburys" RUSKS (MALTED)
From 10 months upwards.

Pamphlet on Infant Feeding free from ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., Lombard St., LONDON.

Photographs by Campbell Gray Ltd., London.

Another Example of Advancing Healthy Growth

A Further Tribute from the same Happy Mother

BABY "BURNETT"
Aged 6 months, fed from birth on the Allenburys Foods.

Same boy aged 2 years.

"Like his elder Brother a fine strong boy."

Same boy aged 4 years.

THE MOTHER'S TESTIMONY

"I thought you would like the enclosed photograph of my youngest son, Burnett. He is, like his elder brother Eustace, whose photograph has been reproduced in your advertisements, a fine strong boy. He is 4½ years of age, and thanks to 'Allenburys' Foods, on which he was fed from birth, he is a strong and healthy boy."

HEALTH OF THE CHILD ASSURED

These examples of sturdy growth demonstrate beyond question that when a child cannot be given the natural food the "Allenburys" Foods provide the best alternative. Children fed on these Foods are healthy and well-grown; the formation of bone is solid, and the flesh is firm, without excess of fat.

The "Allenburys" MILK FOOD No. 1
From birth to 3 months.

The "Allenburys" MILK FOOD No. 2
From 3 to 6 months.

The 'Allenburys' Foods
Adapted to the Growing Digestive Powers of the Child

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From 6 months upwards.

The "Allenburys" RUSKS (MALTED)
From 10 months upwards.

Pamphlet on Infant Feeding free from ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., Lombard St., LONDON.

Photographs by Campbell Gray Ltd., London.

"THE FATAL GIFT OF BEAUTY" (*concluded*)

positively *ill*." One murmurs "Catty old thing!" under one's breath, and hastily consults the nearest mirror. What is a clean bill of health to the knowledge that one is looking one's best?

❋

Other Times

It is an enormous consolation to know that there is no such thing as a fixed standard of beauty. What one generation admires the next dislikes. Not so awfully long ago all women with pretensions to beauty had wasp waists, champagne-bottle shoulders, and eyes as nearly like a gazelle's as was humanly possible. Voluptuous curves had their day and languishing, lily-like pallor. Even the ready tear has been praised as an adjunct to beauty.

❋

White Magic

Nowadays there are almost as many ways of being beautiful as there are women. We are pleasingly eclectic, and each type has its admirers. One must be slim, of course, but slimness is within the reach of everyone. It is far easier to take a stone from one's weight than to add even a few inches to one's stature. All that is necessary is to create the illusion of being pretty, and the first step in that direction is to assume one's beauty for a fact and act upon the assumption. With sufficient conviction to back her a woman can always hypnotise someone into thinking her the loveliest and most delightful creature alive. Otherwise how is it possible to account for the number of excessively—well, plain women one sees triumphantly married? Perhaps it is just as well that the real beauties do not take so much trouble; if they did they would rule the world with a rod of iron, or should I say a stick of lip-salve?

Photograph MLLE. DELYSIA *Foulsham and Banfield*

Who is to play the lead in Mr. C. B. Cochrane's new production, "Carminetta," at the Ambassadors Theatre

❋

The Constant Male

You see, one may doubt the existence of superlative virtues, no matter how well advertised; one may feel shy of cleverness, and even entertain an actual dislike of accomplishments; but beauty is there for every eye to see. And what normal man is not attracted by prettiness? Whatever his other infidelities, he is constant to beauty. Does anyone know a single, solitary man who would not rather be seen in public with a pretty woman than with an ugly one? That is why women would rather have the fatal gift of beauty than any other Fate can offer.

EFEMERA

"A Modern Psyche"

The "Rilette" paintings to the commission of H. Dennis Bradley are deliberately light in atmosphere. The tragedy of war we all realise. It needs no illustration.

POPE & BRADLEY

Sole Proprietor H. Dennis Bradley

Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.

A BUSINESS of NATIONAL IMPORTANCE

THIS note is not written in the spirit of egoism. It is written in the spirit of that precious virtue, common sense—a virtue which is rapidly becoming obsolete.

The two primary essentials to human life are food and clothes. But in the anomalous published lists of essential trades, military tailors are omitted However, one should be thankful that a sense of humour is not included amongst the innumerable restrictions.

Pope & Bradley are executing probably the greatest business in officers' uniforms in Great Britain. The *increase* in military business alone during the last three months amounted to over £11,000 beyond any previous quarter. Is a business such as this a national and military necessity or not.

In the din of Armageddon it is necessary to shout to be heard, and that is why, in a medley of Bureaucratic inconsistencies, it is imperative to insist that this business is undeniably one of National Importance.

Throughout the war the one purpose of the House has been to execute efficiently the needs of officers. This has been done equitably and with a studious avoidance of the crime of war profiteering.

Again, therefore, it must be reiterated that not only is the business of Pope & Bradley a necessity to officers, it is, by the revenue it contributes to the Government, a Commercial Asset of vital importance to the Country.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
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To-day and until 28th inst.

HAMPTONS' JULY SALE

CARPETS

For Illustrations of the following Carpets and Fabrics see Hamptons' Sale Catalogue sent Free.

Lot No. 1. **SEAMLESS AXMINSTER.** Design as illustration in Sale Catalogue and a variety of others. These are mostly reproductions of oriental designs. They are of the regular standard quality and are perfect in every respect. We are able to sell them at these extraordinarily low prices because we purchased large quantities before the recent advances. Sizes and prices as follows:—

Usually. ft. in. ft. in.	£ s. d.	Reduced to £ s. d.
9 0 x 6 0	4 8 6	2 18 6
9 0 x 7 6	5 10 6	3 13 6
9 0 x 9 0	6 12 9	4 7 9
10 6 x 9 0	7 15 0	5 2 6
10 6 x 10 6	9 0 6	5 19 6
12 0 x 7 6	7. 7 6	4 17 6
12 0 x 9 0	8 17 0	5 17 0
12 0 x 10 6	10 6 6	6 16 6
13 6 x 10 6	11 12 6	7 13 6
13 6 x 12 0	13 5 6	8 15 6
15 0 x 10 6	12 18 0	8 10 6
15 0 x 12 0	14 15 0	9 15 0
15 0 x 13 6	16 12 0	10 19 6
16 6 x 12 0	16 4 6	10 14 6
16 6 x 13 6	18 5 0	12 1 6
16 6 x 15 0	20 5 6	13 8 0
18 0 x 15 0	22 2 6	14 12 6

Lot No. 2. **WILTON SQUARES.** Extra fine quality. These are mostly reproductions of fine Persian Carpets. They are one of the finest quality carpets manufactured in this Country, and there are a number of designs. They are being sold remarkably cheap as indicated below.

Usually. ft. in. ft. in.	£ s. d.	Reduced to £ s. d.
10 6 x 9 0	10 3 0	7 14 0
12 0 x 9 0	11 12 0	8 16 0
12 0 x 11 3	14 10 0	11 0 0
13 6 x 11 3	16 6 6	12 7 6

HAMPTON'S "HEATHFIELD" CARPET. This is one of the best quality Bedroom Carpets, being very closely woven. There are a number of choice designs. The reduction is considerable, as indicated below.

Usually. ft. in. ft. in.	£ s. d.	Reduced to £ s. d.
10 6 x 9 0	3 13 6	2 12 6
12 0 x 9 0	4 4 0	3 0 0
12 6 x 9 6	4 12 6	3 6 0
12 0 x 10 6	4 18 0	3 10 0
14 0 x 11 0	5 19 6	4 5 6
13 6 x 12 0	6 6 0	4 10 0
15 0 x 12 0	7 0 0	5 0 0

Over 400 Carpets suitable for Bedrooms are being offered in addition to those specified above. They are all much reduced in price.

For Hundreds of other unequalled bargains in CARPETS, FABRICS, CURTAINS, LINEN, CHINA, WALLPAPERS, etc., See Hamptons' Illustrated Sale Catalogue, sent free. Pall Mall East, London, S.W.

FABRICS

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Usual price 1/11½. **Sale price 6¾d.** yd.

A4342. **650 yds. Cretonne,** strong quality, in old Persian red colourings. 52in. wide.
Reduced from 6/11 yd. to **3/6** yd.

A4348. **210 yds. Block-printed Cretonne,** white or black ground, with wine or yellow lilac. 52in wide.
Usual price 6/11. **Sale price 3/6** yd.

A6775. **150 yds. Printed Linen,** cream ground, with very soft shades of pink, blue, mauve, rose, etc. 52in. wide.
Usual price 7/11. **Sale price 4/11** yd.

K638. **600 Boating Cushions,** 22 × 22in. filled kapok, in red, blue, green, mauve, pink, etc. **Sale price 2/6½** each.

K48. **9 doz. 22in. Plain Satin Cushions,** round as illustrated, filled pure down, in purple, grey, blue, rose, green, black, etc.
Reduced from 21/- to **14/9** each.

No. 2231. **54 pairs coloured Cotton Curtains,** lined heavy Bolton Sheeting, trimmed one side and bottom, with taffeta border in chintz colourings. Made in 12 colours, 4ft. × 10ft.
Usual price 49/6. **Sale price 39/6** pair.

No. 2214. **27 pairs Poplin Curtains,** with 2in. braid one side and bottom, lined cotton. Made in green, rose and grey. 4ft. × 10ft.
Usual price 55/- **Sale price 42/-** pair.

Sentiment and habit

The soldier has left the desk, the counter and the factory, at the call of War. But certain habits cling. He learned the habit of using the pen to express thought in business, and now he desires to express sentiment and to tell his experiences.

THE "SWAN" FOUNTPEN

The "Swan" Fountpen makes writing and expression easy—so it induces the soldier to put his thoughts on paper—in other words to write to you. Send your soldier a "Swan" Fountpen and listen for the postman's knock.

From 10/6 upwards.

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MABIE, TODD & CO., Ltd., 79 & 80, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.
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LUMINOUS

FRONT ABSOLUTELY UNBREAKABLE.

SCREW IN SILVER CASE £3-3-0
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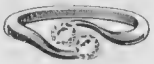
EVERY WATCH WARRANTED

Fine Brilliant and Pearl Brooch with Palladium Front, **£4 15s.**

Fine Fancy Brilliant Cluster. Palladium Settings, **£6 15s.**

A fine Assortment of RINGS AND JEWELLERY Always in Stock.



Fine 2-stone Brilliant Twin. Palladium Setting, **£4 4s.**

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TRAFALGAR SQUARE, W.C.
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"Aquascutum" *Regd.*

FIELD AND TRENCH COATS

WATERPROOF YET SELF-VENTILATING

Trench Coat.

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READ what an Officer says about Aquascutum.

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"My old Aquascutum I have had out here since the end of July, 1916, and it has given every satisfaction.

"It has given perfect protection against rain, snow, sleet, icy cutting wind, and liquid mud, right through this Winter Campaign, which is acknowledged by all to have been the worst of the three as regards weather conditions."

The Original may be seen by anyone interested.

There is only one AQUASCUTUM. Do not accept inferior imitations.

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Only height and chest measurement required.

Aquascutum Ltd.,

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Waterproof Coat Specialists for over 50 years.

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CIGARETTES

(Medium Strength)

10 for 5D.

These Cigarettes are also supplied at Duty Free Rates for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital.

Terms and particulars on application to

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OFFICERS' LOADED STICKS, FLY WHISKS, AND WATER BOTTLES

	£	s.	d.
No. 201A.—Loaded stick, whalebone centre, plaited all over kangaroo hide, wrist strap, length 30in. or 36in. ...	2	10	0
No. 201B.—Ditto, whalebone centre, covered all over pigskin, sliding wrist strap, length 36in.	2	2	0
No. 201B.—Ditto; steel centre, covered all over pigskin, sliding wrist strap	1	8	6
No. 201C.—Ditto, short length, for riding	1	2	6
No. 243F.—Fly Whisks, covered pigskin with white, black, or red hair leather wrist loop	1	5	0
Ditto, ditto, loaded butt	1	10	0
No. 243.—Ditto, ash or cane, with white or black hair ...		13	6
No. 219A.—Best all whalebone plaited Kangaroo hide Cutting whip and Wrist Strap	1	12	6
WATER BOTTLES, nickel silver plated inside, non-corrosive, screw top, rounded front, flat back, covered khaki cloth, 1¾ pts.	1	3	6
Ditto with leather cradle carrier	1	7	6
Ditto Regulation pattern, concaved, 2½ pints	1	10	0

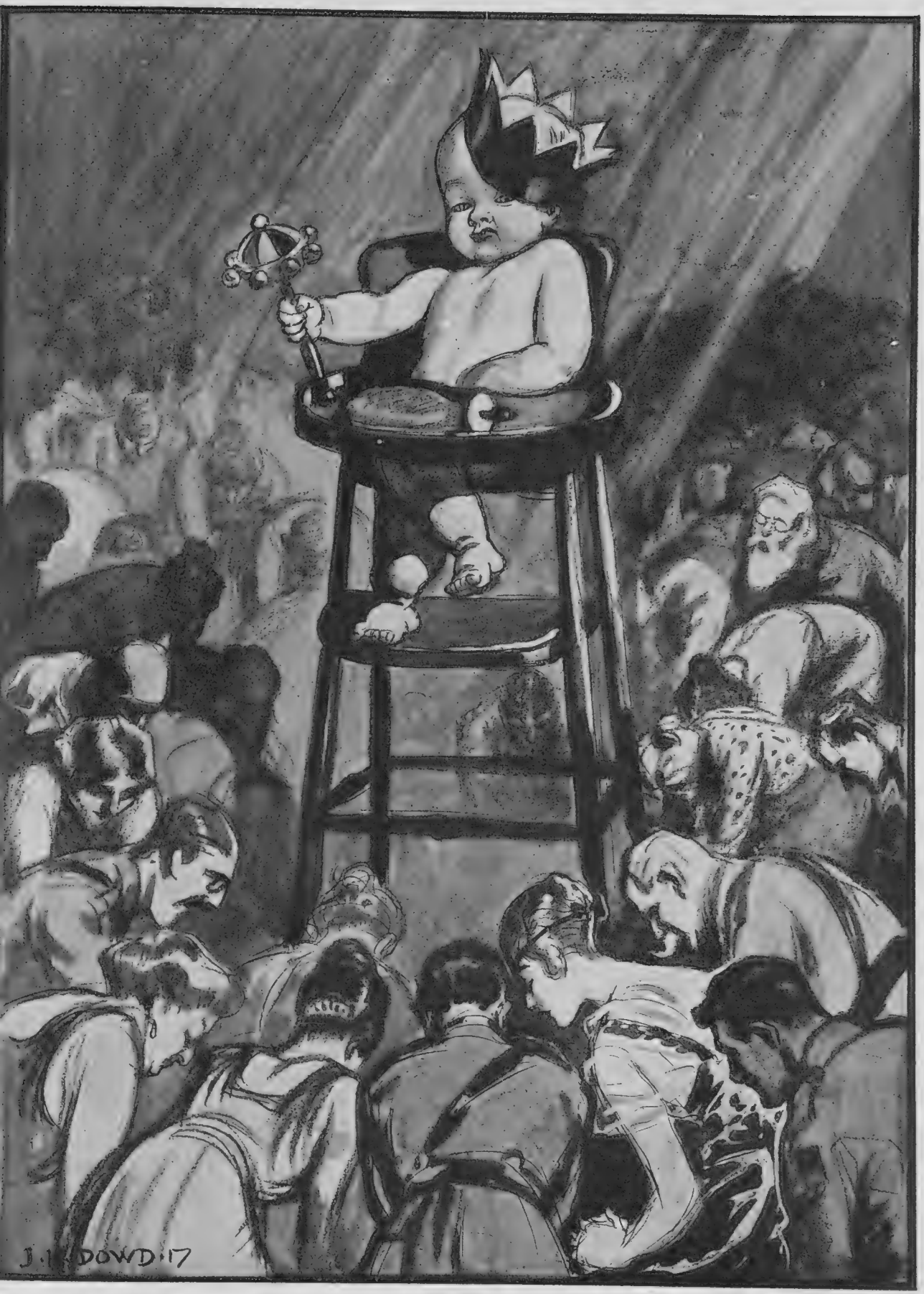
Postage to B.E.F. 1/- extra. Send for NEW *Illustrated List of War Equipment*

SWAINE & ADENEY

By Appointment to H.M. the King.

185 PICCADILLY, LONDON. W.1.

H.M. King Baby



What's the burden of their song?
Baby Week? No! Baby Strong!

Books *of the* Week

NOVELS—ASSORTED

"The Candid Courtship"

JUST before the war some of our Suffragettes were worrying themselves considerably about the morals of men. Young men transgressed, they said, and nothing much happened. Young women transgressed, and there followed the proverbial deluge. Grossly unfair and quite disgusting. Miss Joan Allison, the heroine of Madge Mears's new novel, *The Candid Courtship* (Lane: 6*s.*), was one of these Suffragettes, and when her boarding-house friend, Stewart Austin, proposed marriage and honestly admitted a "lapse" in his own life, Miss Joan became haughty and refused to have anything to do with him; but when her own brother, the gentle and ultra-respectable Doctor Colin, proceeded to get himself horribly entangled in the very same nets as had once imprisoned young Austin, Joan's views changed. The story is ingenious and brightly told. Poor tattered Val Carruthers is a sympathetic character, and the one little coincidence is not too artificial. Miss Mears, moreover, manages to get out of the many little difficulties which follow on the situation she has created in a particularly neat way. Her book is enjoyable.

"The Quest of Ledgar Dunstan"

In *The Quest of Ledgar Dunstan* (Duckworth: 6*s.*) Mr. Alfred Tresidder Sheppard continues the history of a not too interesting or agreeable young man in his own peculiarly long-winded way. The earlier book left off with Ledgar's marriage to the high-born Beltinge girl; the second volume carries him to the beginning of the present war, which is constantly being foretold by a queer ex-lunatic who imagines himself to be Anti-Christ. Now Mr. Sheppard can be interesting when he chooses, but he can also be inordinately dull. In this book he cannot tell his story without either filling every other page with dissertations upon the horrors of asylum life (but does Mr. Sheppard mean to shut up his hero in a third volume?) or hashing-up the oldest possible jokes and bits of antiquated philosophy. In some chapters the action moves commendably, in others if anything it goes back. There are rules laid down for the novelist, and Mr. Sheppard is not a big enough writer to break them with impunity. He has no idea of selection. If his two volumes of Ledgar Dunstan's life had been pruned down to one-quarter or one-sixth of their length they would have made up a striking novel. As it is, they leave you unavoidably thinking of the curate's egg.

"Helen of Four Gates"

There can be no question about the power of *Helen of Four Gates* (Jenkins: 5*s.* net), with which an ex-Mill Girl makes her literary *début.* In

(Continued on page 48)

It made a new man of me!

Ficolax
The Original Fruit Laxative

ONCE rid of Constipation and you will be amazed at the transformation in your health and spirits. Gone the sallow skin and the lack-of-lustre eyes. Gone too the headaches and the nerves from which you used to suffer. Gone the need of drastic purgatives and cathartics, which only give temporary relief, and frequently aggravate the very conditions they were supposed to remove. FICOLAX is the only Laxative you should use. Just a teaspoonful now and again will effect a complete and speedy restoration of the normal functions.

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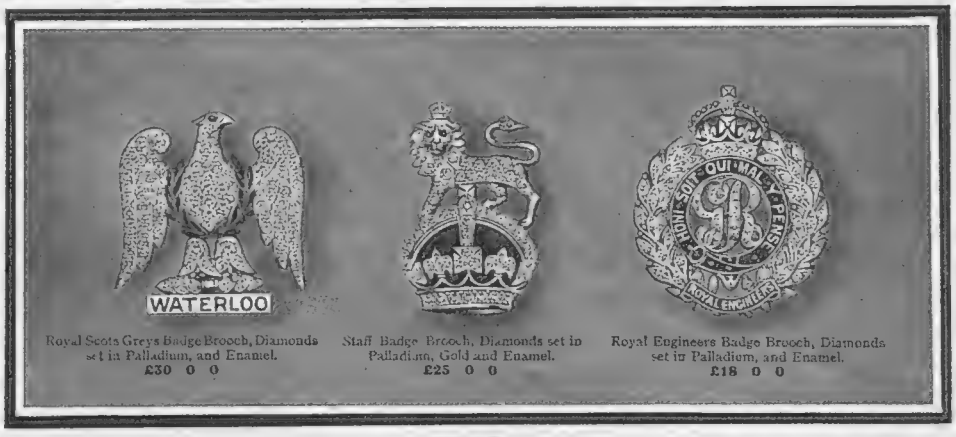

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The Iodhyrine Booklet on Obesity is sent post free from Dr. Deschamp's English Agency, 167, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

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How the over-stout recover perfect health and figure beauty.

Stout Lady (to herself): "What a pleasure I am missing. There's Vera, who a short time ago was as stout as I am now, looking a perfect picture as a result of taking Antipon. I really must follow her advice and commence Antipon without delay."

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GENERAL OBESITY	PALPITATION	MUDDY COMPLEXION
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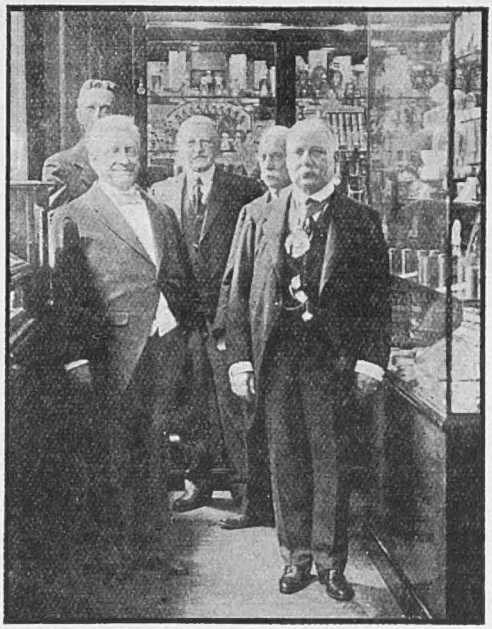
BOOKS OF THE WEEK (concluded)

many respects the book is a most remarkable achievement. A wild, tense romance of the moor, it is, which centres about four strange, passionate souls. There is an extremely clever motive for old Abel Mason's unceasing hatred for Helen, and it is undeniably thrilling to read on and learn how his revenge reacts upon her and the somewhat feckless Martin Scott, with whom she is so madly—and the word may almost be taken in its literal sense—in love. You might reasonably expect a lasting tragedy when Martin at last plucks up enough courage to run away from the horrors of old Abel's house and when Helen allows herself to be married to the unpleasant ex-tramp who has been promised her hand; but on Martin's return the tragedy quite naturally comes to an end. It says much for the writer's ability that the almost conventionally happy ending does not strike a wrong note. The whole story is unusual, in places bizarre, always dramatic. It leaves you wondering what the ex-Mill Girl's next book will be like. R. S.



"SOAP-HOME'S" OPENING

Messrs. Lever Bros., acting in union with most of the big soap firms in the country, have opened a huge show-room at 2, Coleman Street with the object of enabling traders to inspect wares for the British export trade in toilet requisites, which exceeds that of the U.S.A., Germany, and France put together. Our photograph shows the opening ceremony, with Lord Leverhulme and the Lord Mayor

"WAR-AIMS" NUMBER *of* "THE BYSTANDER"

Next week we intend to publish a Special "War-Aims" Number.

Many of the belligerent nations have already published their War-Aims; others still display a discreet reticence about them.

Some of those which have been published will be reflected in our pages; others will not.

But "THE BYSTANDER" "WAR-AIMS" NUMBER will deal with private as well as with public "War-Aims"; and will treat them from the fanciful, as well as the practical, point of view.

All our best artists have been pressed into the service of this number, and we have no doubt that those who look upon their work will be correspondingly impressed with the views they take.

Remembering the success of, and the difficulty in procuring, our NAVY NUMBER and our "AFTER THE WAR" NUMBER, readers of THE BYSTANDER *will do well to make sure of obtaining their copy of the "WAR-AIMS" NUMBER by ordering it beforehand.*

READY THIS WEEK.

A new long novel by ELEANOR H. PORTER, Author of "Pollyanna" and "Just David."

THE ROAD TO UNDERSTANDING. With frontispiece in colour. (5s. net.)

An absorbing novel.

THE REAL ADVENTURE. By H. K. WEBSTER, Author of "The Whispering Man." (5s. net.)

Full of humour.

PINCUS HOOD (Art Dealer). By ARTHUR HODGES. (5s. net.)

DAYS OF DISCOVERY. A Story of Boyhood. By BERTRAM SMITH. (4/6 net.)

"These pictures of childhood are tremendous fun . . . never forced or boisterous."—*Manchester Guardian.*

"The charm lies in the faithfulness with which it reports the home life of a small boy."—*Daily News.*

L. OF C. (Lines of Communication) By Captain JAMES E. AGATE, a temporary officer in the Army Service Corps. (6/- net.)

"A lively impression of the A.S.C. . . . he has the happy casualness and flying touch of the born essayist. A most uncommon book."—*Morning Post.*

"A patriotic record; an abundance of humorous parenthesis, worldly wisdom, and the fruit of wide reading."—*Daily Chronicle.*

THE LATIN AT WAR. By WILL IRWIN. (6/- net.)

"Intimate and admirable. . . . A great deal of the book is devoted to the Italian Army and to its wonderful mountain fighting. . . . All his praise is well bestowed and welcome."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

"Has an irresistible charm for the layman. We are not sure, indeed, that posterity also will not treasure such a book as Mr. Irwin's impressions of France and Italy in war time."—*Spectator.*

MISS MARIE CORELLI'S famous novel, **THE TREASURE OF HEAVEN,** is attaining tremendous success as a film play. The book is obtainable wherever books are sold. Price 6/-.

A 1/- edition of **DELICIA** is now ready.

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"If this is not a great poet true as well as new, I have wasted a lifetime on trying to find what is and what is not the soverain stuff."—*Morning Post.*

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"A book of which I should find it difficult to speak too highly."—*Punch.*

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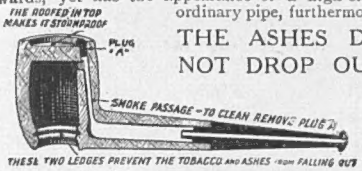

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FOR years the motor engineering world had accepted the imperfect poppet valve system, and had struggled with the inefficiency of cams, tappets, springs, noise, loss of compression, pockets in the combustion chamber, over-heating, etc.

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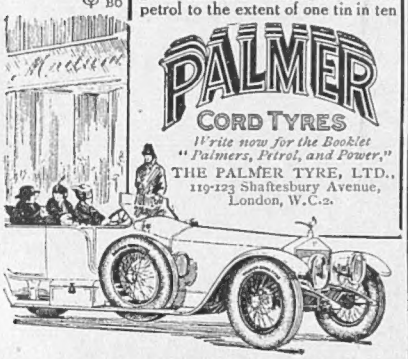
The "oversize" of Palmers gives smoother running and saves petrol to the extent of one tin in ten



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The Prophets

THIS "what's-going-to-happen-after-the-war" bee is a lusty fellow. You can hear him buzzing everywhere. If half the things happen which have been forecasted, those who are alive then will be having heaven one five minutes and tophet the next. To hear the crowd of forecasters and to observe the size of their audiences, one would think they wanted the war to finish. Instead of which we are only a[illegible] million pounds a da[illegible] lenty of time yet; [illegible] more money. Look [illegible]merican loan. Also—[illegible] were talking of another matter.

***

After-War Flying

LORD MONTAGU is the latest to be stung by the bee aforesaid. It is not his first essay in the prophetics; not by many scores. He always had a weakness that way. We are a speculative people, and a prophet can always get a hearing, even if he cannot obtain honour. This time Lord Montagu is dealing with commercial and general flying after the war and plotting trips to India and elsewhere in 700-mile stages. He points out that there are plenty of landing places eastward, and elaborates several other equally obvious matters. All very interesting, but the sort of stuff one would expect at a P.S.A. rather than at a meeting of the experts.

***

THE MODEL "TANK"

Which was seen last week in London streets, is to be used as a distributing van in connection with the "Silent Tribute to Lord Roberts" on July 8

Odds and Ends

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY, LTD., is increasing its capital to six million pounds. That all?—The inevitable happening. The Stentophone Company, of Birmingham, have designed a detachable front wheel with a four-inch face, to enable Ford owners who desire it to use their cars for agricultural purposes on the land.—The Scottish Automobile Club, one of whose members has just discovered an old Continental tyre road sign still up, asks me to inform you that if you see any such signs still surviving the club will be pleased to have particulars; but I don't think you need worry. All these Continental sites were sold by the liquidator or controller of the Continental Company some time ago, and the purchasers are not likely to let the old signs remain up one minute longer than they are obliged.

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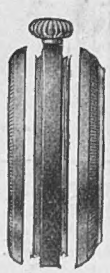

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